

## SAN FRANCISCO'S WORST HURRICANE

An Eye-Witness Describes the Panic Which Occurred on a Bay Ferry.

### LONDON'S "SEA WOLF" SEQUEL

A Collision Which Came Nearly Ending Like the Awful Tale of Jack London.

The winter of 1901 on the Pacific coast was one of extreme storms. Along the California shore it was especially severe, and many vessels of all sizes and classes were reported wrecked or lost. The several hurricanes were not content with the open sea, but invaded the bay, and, reaching ports from Seattle to Alaska, raised havoc with the smaller shipping and doing serious damage to many large vessels.

San Francisco Bay, that beautiful and nearly land-locked harbor, received more than its share of the winter's disasters. And this was quite peculiar on account of the fact that the bay is considered one of the safest and best protected harbors in the world. It is surrounded on nearly all sides by lofty mountains and hills, and has an outlet to the ocean less than two miles wide through the Golden Gate.

The severest storm of the year occurred here in the latter part of February. It rushed in through the Golden Gate, and down over the mountain-tops with a fury that swept everything before it. The hurricane struck the bay at about half-past eleven in the morning. It came suddenly, but not without a warning, for the wind had been high and the sky dark and threatening all the morning.

#### Ventures Out in the Lull.

I had been in San Francisco over night and was down at the ferry building on the day of the event, with the intention of catching the half-past ten boat to return to my home in Berkeley, which is directly across the bay. But the Southern Pacific authorities would not allow their ferry, the "Berkeley," to put out, fearing a disaster, and consequently, when eleven o'clock came, the next boat leaving time—a large crowd was waiting. In spite of the inclement weather, to cross the bay, I had occurred at this hour, and it was decided to venture the five-mile run across to Oakland Mole.

About five hundred people walked aboard, not crowding the capacity of the ferry in the smallest degree. I took a seat on the lower deck, and in a few minutes we were leaving the ship.

The boat began to churn laboriously as soon as she struck the open bay. Occasionally one of the side wheels would be lifted from the water and revolved with a great buzzing sound. No one was on the outer deck except the boat hands. We had not, however, been on our way two minutes before a broad shouldered man slouched past me on his way to the outer foredeck. A soft black hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he wore a blue flannel shirt with a soft turn down collar. As he turned to one side in order to pull back the door I saw that he was Jack London, the novelist, who at that time had made a name as the writer of Alaskan stories. I decided to go on deck and face the elements likewise, so I rose from my seat and quickly followed him out.

Terrific wind was blowing that nearly blew me off my feet, and a mist racing across the grass was so dense that one could hardly see twenty yards ahead. The seas were irregular and rolling, like mass with the wind blowing from the foaming crests and blowing them into spray. Here and there they met, and crashed together into a mountain of whiteness only to fall back again and leave a whirling gulf. A sea gull, an early arrival for that time of the year, was blown squawking across our deck, disappearing in the mist beyond. An officer and deck hand stood steadily themselves with less wide apart at the very front of the bow, peering anxiously into the distance, and a little behind them stood Mr. London, seeming to enjoy the gale immensely.

#### Officers Lie Cheerfully.

I stepped up to the officer: "Do you think there is any danger?" I asked. "Not in the least," he replied, lying with a sailor's skill, and cried, "Island to your starboard," to the captain in the wheelhouse above.

I tried to discern the island to our left, but could not make out the least sign of land; so concluded that he had told by the color of the water at this spot.

Shortly after the officer's call the wind suddenly died out to nearly a dead calm, leaving the waves to snarl like dogs among themselves. Then there descended from the sky a heavy downpour of rain, the large drops falling so thickly that it drenched one through in a minute. Mr. London returned inside, while I watched a moment beneath the steps to the upper deck. I noticed a peculiar phishish that in the atmosphere, and remembered reading something of similar phenomena which preceded ty-

## PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD.

A BOON TO HOUSEKEEPERS.



The most improved method to free a house of roaches or small roaches is to use the contents of a box of "Peterman's Roach Food" at one time. Shake it on joints so some of it will penetrate and remain to keep the premises continuously free. Roaches eat it as food; it is the most destructive remedy on this earth to them, and it will not scatter them to other places to live and multiply.

**ROACHES.**—"Peterman's Roach Food" (quickly) kills them in the kitchen, where it is brushed on lightly. It is invaluable for roaches on beds, which are brushed on both sides of the bed, and on back of pictures, frames, mouldings, etc. It will not hurt or harm furniture or bedding. Odorless, and not poisonous.

"Peterman's Roach Food" (liquid)—In flexible handy cans for cracks, walls, mattresses, etc. Odorless, non-explosive.

"Peterman's Ant Food"—A strong powder to kill and drive away ants, also water beetles or black beetles, in large quantities.

"Peterman's Rat-Mouse Food"—Makes rats or mice wild; they will leave and not return. Take no other, as time may be even more important than money.

Originated in 1872. Perfected in 1905 by Wm. Peterman, Mfg. Chemist, 54, 56, 58 West 12th St., San Francisco, Cal.

Sold by all druggists in Richmond and throughout the United States.

phoons in the south seas. And, in fact, this pinkish that did presage one of the severest hurricanes that ever struck the bay.

I entered the cabin before it fell upon us. I did not see Mr. London anywhere about as I took my seat beside a window. A peculiar calm seemed to pervade the atmosphere; everything suddenly became so quiet that a natural uneasiness took hold of the passengers. Their fears were well grounded, for the calm was the usual one that precedes the worst part of a storm.

An Italian woman across from me, with a baby in her arms, was looking about here and there, inquiring eyes; and a feeble old man next to her, with a stick and basket in his hands, was peering anxiously out of the window.

#### First Chapter of "Sea Wolf."

I believe what followed was at least partly responsible for the powerful description of a ferry-boat wreck on San Francisco Bay, as given in the first chapter of Jack London's "Sea Wolf."

It was a sufficient incentive for any man with an imaginative turn of mind to be inspired to write upon.

No wreck of any amount occurred, and no lives were lost. The gale lasted only about fifteen minutes, and was followed by the breaking of the clouds and a flood of sunshine over the bay. But during that time there was enacted one of the most thrilling scenes of a panic on board a sinking ship that one is ever apt to have the privilege of seeing without undergoing really serious results.

The storm struck the ship with a fury that put everybody on their feet. The boat was not more than five hundred yards from the slip at the time. The wind hurried itself in from the northwest with an unprecedented power of destruction. The boat careened to the left, and the machinery pounded like it would break in pieces. We were being blown out of our course. The captain kept the ship's bow pointed toward the slip, which was appearing through the turn-up mist, while the stern was thirty degrees off the parallel. The very top of the waves were being snatched up by the hurricane and smashed against the boat's low sides.

#### Sounds Call for Help.

I heard the engineer's bells ring first one signal and then another. People were hurrying to and fro. They were still not more than uneasy, having but a vague hazy something about bay navigation, and when I heard the deep whistle rattle out a signal, I realized that it was a call for help.

Jumping up, I ran to the rear outer deck. I passed through the door, and was horrified to see that we were not more than fifty yards from the long wharf which extends far out into the bay and is used for freight cars to ship their cargo. In spite of full steam ahead, we were being blown steadily toward it, our boat being now at right angles to her course. Twenty yards from the wharf the wind twisted and threw us parallel with it. As the crash came I rushed into the cabin. It sounded like the ship's side was stove in; and she leaned over as though she was going to turn turtle. The boat righted itself, however, and leaned the other way; and then with a scraping and graining of timbers hit the wharf again.

#### Pandemonium Reigned.

In a second pandemonium reigned among the passengers. With a cry, they snatched the life-preservers from beneath the seats and from the fastenings on the ceiling. Everybody came pouring down the main stairways from the upper decks, falling over each other in their terror, and fighting like mad to reach the life-boats. Shouting and screaming, the whole mass surged madly toward the doors; and the women did "squelch like pigs at the slaughter."

People scampered out on the decks with life-preservers on in all kinds of fashions. Some wore one and carried two more in each hand. Fathers and mothers were separated from their children, and men wildly about in search for their wives. There had been a rush for the life-boats at the first shock of the collision, but the officers and crew had fought, and were still fighting, the people off from the ropes that suspended them above the railings. The wind had let up even as we stood about in search for them. There had been a rush for the life-boats at the first shock of the collision, but the officers and crew had fought, and were still fighting, the people off from the ropes that suspended them above the railings. The wind had let up even as we stood about in search for them. There had been a rush for the life-boats at the first shock of the collision, but the officers and crew had fought, and were still fighting, the people off from the ropes that suspended them above the railings. The wind had let up even as we stood about in search for them.

After a great deal of labor the "Berkeley" worked back on her course, and in spite of the still high winds and turbulent waters, docked safely at the Oakland Mole. The boat had knocked out several pins on Long Wharf and stove in a few timbers on her side.

#### No Great Heroes on Board.

For my own part, I cannot say that I played the part of a hero during the panic. We were all like sheep and where one ran the others followed. Of course there were a few exceptions, especially among those who realized that the danger was over almost as soon as it happened. But there was surely no one who at the time was not badly frightened. I was one of the great majority who had put on life preservers, but must say for my own defense that I had donned it carefully and correctly, and not like a great many who, if they had jumped into the water, would have floated toes up and head down.

I decided to keep my life preserver as a memento of the occasion; so did not take it off, but put on my overcoat over it and wore it off the boat.

I did not see Mr. London after that, as he took the Oakland and I the Berkeley train. I have never seen the writer since then; but a year or two later, when I read the "Sea Wolf," a forcible impression was made on my mind of the similarity between the fortunate escape of the "Berkeley" and the horrible but powerful description of an imagined ferry boat tragedy on San Francisco Bay as written by Mr. London.

E. J. G.

### NINTH DISTRICT.

#### Names Suggested As Available Candidates for Congress.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) RADFORD, VA., April 21.—It seems to be the consensus of opinion that Governor Tyler would be the best man the Democrats could bring out to make the race for Congress in the Ninth District, says Judge S. W. Williams, in a recent letter to the Governor.

There is no doubt but that the former chief executive of the commonwealth would make a fine run, but he seems to have no wish to enter politics.

In an interview to-day, Governor Tyler said:

"I do not wish to enter the race. I am too well contented with my home and farm life and with the abundant honors which have already been bestowed upon me. I hope this honor will not come my way. There is plenty of good material in the Ninth District, and I hope that a winning candidate will be selected."

When asked as to who would make the best race, the Governor replied:

"Any of the men mentioned for the place would make a good run—B. F. Buchanan, of Marion; R. Tate Irving, General R. A. Ayers and R. B. Bruce, of Wise; Henry Stuart, of Russell, or Alexander St. Clair, of Tazewell."

### ABINGDON, VA.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

ABINGDON, VA., April 21.—One of the most delightful and enjoyable entertainments that has been given here for a long while was the graduating recital of Miss Mary Vivian Aston, pianist, assisted by Miss Annie Kate Byrd, soprano, in the Martha Washington College Chapel yesterday evening.

The striking feature of Miss Aston's playing was the cool, quiet, mastery with which she rendered the most difficult passages and the wonderfully rich sweetness of her touch.

Miss Byrd, a daughter of Congressman Byrd of Mississippi, sang "Moonlight" and "Springtime," in a manner that captivated the music-loving audience.

Mr. W. E. Mingen, president of the Virginia-Carolina Railroad, has returned from a business trip to New York.

Mr. T. P. Trigg and Miss Margaret White have gone to Huntsville, Ala., to spend some time with relatives.

Mrs. Sue P. Trigg and her daughter, Miss Mary Byrd, are home from a delightful visit to Boloxi, Miss.

Colonel Thomas L. Tate, of Wythe county, Va., has been visiting his daughter, who is a student at Stonewall Jackson Institute.

Colonel John C. Summers, who was a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, is seriously ill at his home on East Main Street.

The ladies of the Episcopal Church held a bazaar and served a supper Thursday evening. The proceeds will be used to aid in building the new rectory.

rest with her home people at Salem. Miss Lila London spent a few days at home in Roanoke.

Misses Lella Martin, Mary Moore, and Miss Howard, accompanied Miss Mary Brightwell to her home at Prospect, where they enjoyed a small vacation house party.

Miss Mary Stephens went home with Miss Blanche Gentry to Petersburg for the holidays.

Miss Louise Baskerville visited friends in Danville from Friday to Monday.

Miss Mary Watkins, of Charlotte Courthouse, took Misses Nan Nicholson and Elaine Toms home with her for the holidays.

Misses Julia Massey and Elizabeth Stokes were the guests of Miss Lois Watkins at her home in Hallsville.

Miss Florence Barr spent several days with her grandparents at Petersburg.

Misses Eva White and Alice Castle visited friends in Lynchburg.

Misses Geraldine Graham, Marie Woody, Marjorie Jones, and Ruby Berry spent Easter with their parents at Crewe.

Misses Ida Compton and Lizzie Kizer spent Monday with Miss Compton's sister in Richmond.

Miss Linnie Hardaway was the holiday guest of her cousin, Mrs. Hossau, in Dinwiddie.

Master Will Mason, of Mattox, visited his sisters, Misses Maud and Carrie Mason, at Mrs. Berkeley's during the holidays.

Miss Alma Walker had the pleasure of a visit from her sister, Mrs. Charles Broadbent, of Richmond, from Saturday to Monday.

Mr. Baird Gillette, of Atlantic, called to see his cousin, Miss Winnie Parsons, on Tuesday.

Mr. B. M. Cox spent the early part of the week in Richmond.

The following young ladies also had the privilege of a visit home during the holidays: Miss Bessie Justice, near Richmond; Miss Mary Vaden, near Petersburg; Miss Julia Chapman, near Springfield; Miss Elizabeth Whitworth, Scottsville; Miss Isabelle Flournoy, Charlottesville.

Misses Ethel Arvin and Bessie Carter, two of the alumnae, visited the school on Tuesday.

Chase City Remains Uniformly Dry and All Are Satisfied.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) CHASE CITY, VA., April 21.—There is now a triangular contest for the position of Commonwealth's attorney for the county of Mecklenburg at the next election. In addition to the two candidates from the town of Boydton, Judge Henry Wood, of Charlottesville, has announced his candidacy. Judge Wood has a host of friends in the county, and is eminently qualified by experience and ability to make an excellent officer.

It is announced that another captain will soon be elected by the members of the military company at this place. The original officers of this company were of such good material that the first, Captain Finch, was made surgeon, and the first Lieutenant, Brann, was appointed commissary of the Seventy-second Virginia Regiment, and now the present captain, Roberts, has been promoted to a position on the staff of the Governor, with the rank of colonel.

The Bank of Chase City is an illustration of a well managed and progressive institution. In a comparative statement from published reports, the resources on April 26, 1900, were \$378,442.72, an increase of \$289,038.57 in six years. Capital, \$50,000; surplus and profits, \$26,048.11.

While other towns in the county have their annual connection before the April term of the court for liquor license, this town remains as dry as the desert of Sahara, with no efforts from any one to change the state of affairs, and dries and wets move on harmoniously together, being satisfied with existing conditions.

Not a saloon or dispensary is wanted by the people.

### Franking in the Old Days

Franking had its birth, honestly enough, in 1660, in the desire to relieve members of the expenses incurred in the discharge of their national duties; but the practice rapidly widened until it became possible for honorable members to transmit their household gods, and even their goddaughters, at the public charge, as the following extract from old postoffice records testifies: "Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass; two mule-boys going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen; Dr. Crillon carrying with him a cow and divers necessaries; three suits of clothes for some nobleman's lady at the court of Portugal; two barrels of stockings for use of the Ambassador to the Crown of Portugal; a deal case, with four fitches of bacon, for Mr. Pennington, of Rotterdam."—London Chronicle.

Copy of Telegram from

The North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.

— OF —

London and Edinburgh

NEW YORK, April 19, 1906.

WILLIAMSON TALLEY & CO., Agents,

Richmond, Va.

Our London office cables following instructions regarding San Francisco losses. Draw on London in payment of recognized claims. Subscribe five thousand or more for sufferers.

E. G. RICHARDS, Manager.

This Company Has Paid Over \$140,000,000 for Losses Since Its Organization.

Miss Jennie Tabb spent the vacation with Miss Emma Thomas, 807 E. Franklin Street, Richmond.

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# Pabst Blue Ribbon

## The Beer of Quality

Malt, the pre-digested nutrition of barley, is the soul, the life, the vitality, the substance of beer, and pure, wholesome beer cannot be brewed without perfect malt.

Perfect malt is made by the exclusive Pabst eight-day method. This is Nature's own process and by no other process can all the nutritious, invigorating food extractives of the malt be obtained. It is these rich, vitalizing properties of the eight-day malt that make Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer the perfect beer.

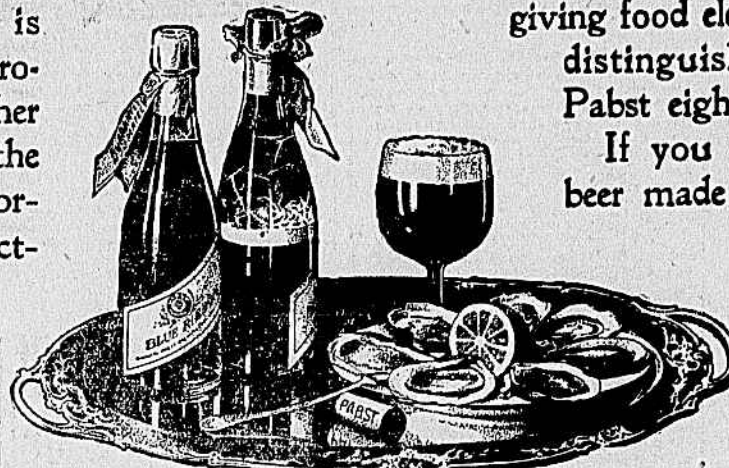
The old four-day malting process, still used by many brewers, costs less,

very much less, than the Pabst eight-day method. The rule—"You can't get something for nothing," holds true in malting. Four-day malt is a forced, unnatural process of development, and necessarily inferior. It lacks those strength and life-giving food elements which distinguish the perfect Pabst eight-day malt.

If you would drink beer made from perfect

eight-day malt there is a safe guide. It's the guide physicians follow,—

the guide for all who want pure, healthful, delicious beer. It's the Pabst Blue Ribbon.



Order a Case for Your Home Today

Pabst Brewing Co., Marshall and Hancock Street.

'Phone 386.

## ADMIRAL WEBSTER TALKS TO STUDENTS

Tells Girls of Life on a Battleship in the United States Navy.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FARMVILLE, VA., April 21.—The school and many citizens of Farmville enjoyed a most unusual pleasure and privilege on Tuesday afternoon, April 17, at four o'clock. At that hour, in the auditorium, Admiral Harbord Webster, of Richmond, under the auspices of the Mothers' Club, of the Kindergarten, an address on "Life on a Man-of-War."

The large audience felt them all with great interest as he told them of his life on a battleship, and revealed to them the manifold duties and characteristic pleasures of officers and sailors, with a few of the traditional customs and superstitions of Uncle Sam's seamen.

It was that life, from the ordinary daily round of school people that it seemed as if Admiral Webster had opened for his hearers a hitherto closed door, and given them the most delightful and inviting glimpses into another world, where even the familiar and familiar home life proper of a man of war, preparing food, and serving were invested with a new and fascinating interest, because of the novel manner in which they were performed. The lecturer gave his listeners, too, a deeper, kinder appreciation of and a higher respect, for the loyal men who serve our great nation on her ships of war.

The short Easter vacation made a pleasant and beneficial break in school work, affording breathing space, as it were, for much needed diversion and recreation in the midst of the heavy duties which always crowd into the last quarter of the session. Fifty or sixty girls and several teachers were present for the visit of the admiral.

Behind to tennis, basket ball, picnics, country walks, and the quieter pleasures of readings, calls, and teas, did not envy those who went away.

The "Green" and "White" basket ball teams, with a few invited friends from the faculty, celebrated the beautiful springlike Easter Monday by an afternoon picnic at the Latta Springs, from three to five o'clock. Those present were Misses Grace Walton, Varley Nunn, Stephen, Campbell, Henrietta Dunn, Elizabeth Verner, Margaret Henderson, Virginia Tinsley, Ruth Redd, Elizabeth Barrett, Lilla Sutherland, Eleanor Watt, Susan Stone, and from the faculty, Misses Martha Coulling, Laura Hill, Carrie Sutherland, Elsie Gray, Lila Air, and Allen Andrews. They first enjoyed a unique question contest, then all joined in a jolly hunt for green and white Easter eggs, hidden in the little park, after which all partook with hearty schoolgirl appetites of the generous provision of sandwiches and pickles, which cleverly carried out the team colors. The prizes of the afternoon were awarded to Miss Martha Coulling and Miss Lilla Andrews.

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## It is Free

To All Who Need It--the First Bottle of Liquezone.

We have no wish to argue what Liquezone can do. The simple truth would seem exaggeration. The results we have seen from this remarkable product would sound impossible, until you have tried it.

So we ask you to try it—to try it at our expense. The product itself will do more to convince you than anything we could say. Test it yourself, an millions have done. Then judge the power of the product by the results that it brings you. Judge if you wish to continue.

**What Liquezone Is.**

The virtues of Liquezone are derived solely from gases, by a process requiring large apparatus, and from 8 to 11 days' time. No alcohol, no narcotics are in it. Chemists of the highest class direct the making. The result is to obtain from these harmless gases a powerful tonic-germicide.

The great value of Liquezone lies in the fact that it is deadly to germs, yet harmless to you. Germs are of vegetable origin; and this gas-made product when absorbed by them, stops their activities. We publish an offer of \$1000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. But to the body Liquezone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; it is helpful to the extreme.

That is its main distinction. Common germs are poisons when taken internally. That is why medicine proves so nearly helpless in a germ disease. Liquezone is a tonic.

**We Paid \$100,000**

For the American rights to Liquezone, after hundreds of tests had been made with it. After its power had been demonstrated, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we spent, in two years, more than ten times that sum to let others test it at our expense. The result is that millions of people, scattered everywhere, have shared in the benefits of this invention.

We make the same offer to you. We ask you to prove, at our cost, how much this product means to you. Let Liquezone itself show how wrong it is to suffer from a trouble that it cures.

**Germ Diseases.**

Most of our sickness has, in late years been traced to germ attacks. The list of known germ diseases now numbers about one hundred.

Some germs—as in skin troubles—directly attack the tissues. Some create toxins, causing such troubles as Rheumatism, Blood Poison, Kidney Disease and nerve weakness. Some destroy vital organs, as in Consumption. Some like the germs of Catarrh—create inflammation; some cause indigestion. Directly or indirectly, nearly every serious ailment is a germ result. Such diseases call for

Liquezone—not drugs, which can't kill germs.

Every germ attack, no matter what its symptoms, calls for a germicide. The medicine of Liquezone makes some of its results seem almost incredible. But in that mildness lies the power that germ diseases need. And diseases which have resisted medicine for years often yield at once to it.

**50c. Bottle Free.**

If you need Liquezone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligations whatever.

Liquezone costs 60c. and 81c.

**CUT OUT THIS COUPON**

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquezone Company, 65-66 Wabash Ave., Chicago.